the person making it up to a copy for 6 months;

a Club of ten, at \$15, to a copy for one year. When a Club has been forwarded, additions

may be made to it, on the same terms.

called a street of Palaces, for, though comparatively broad, the tall and gorgeous piles on either side rise so towering high that one fancies the sky is very far off indeed—yet, oh, so bright and blue, when you look up at it, like the bright and sky one gazes at when far down in a well or in for its memories of Rienzi and its name of are, more beautiful women, and artists have there a streak of burnished vapor, diaphanous a mine-shaft. From the Piazza dell' Annunciata, it stretches to the Piazza Amorosa, and called in one place Strada Naova, in another Strada Novissima, and yet again Strada Balbi, it presents to the eye one long, continuous series of marble structures, splendid in architectory and to Damascus and Cairo, also, because of the "Arabian Nights;" but, after these, my pilgrim thoughts wend fondly towards Genoa ries of marble structures, splendid in architectory and to Damascus and Cairo, also, because of the "Arabian Nights;" but, after these, my pilgrim thoughts wend fondly towards Genoa ries of marble structures, splendid in architectory and its whispers of the Cencis—for all these I rina, as we trace her in Raphael, his Saint Cecilia; Jacopo Palma's daughter, Violante, whose exquisite face and figure we see so constantly and lovingly reproduced in her father's works, in Giorgione's and in Titian's—these the Cecilia; Jacopo Palma's daughter, Violante, whose exquisite face and figure we see so constantly and lovingly reproduced in her father's works, in Giorgione's and in Titian's—these the Cecilia; Jacopo Palma's daughter, Violante, whose exquisite face and figure we see so constantly and lovingly reproduced in her father's works, in Giorgione's and in Titian's—these the Cecilia; Jacopo Palma's daughter, Violante, whose exquisite face and figure we see so constantly and lovingly reproduced in her father's works, in Giorgione's and in Titian's—these the Cecilia; Jacopo Palma's daughter, Violante, whose exquisite face and figure we see so constantly and lovingly reproduced in her father's works, in Giorgione's and in Titian's—these the Cecilia; Jacopo Palma's daughter, Violante, whose exquisite face and figure we see so constantly and lovingly reproduced in her father's works, in Giorgione's and in Titian's—these the Carter of the Cecilia; Jacopo Palma's daughter, Violante, whose exquisite face and figure we see so constantly and lovingly reproduced in her father's works, in Giorgione's and in Titian's—these the Carter of the Carter of the Carter of the Cart tural display, and giving one new ideas of the pomp and show of wealth. When one has dear to us, as our first glimpse of Italy, Genoa traversed it, he knows well how Genoa came by her title of The Superb. Such massive balconies, rising one above the other, tier on teir, like stage-boxes in a tall theatre, each one delicately carved, as if it were a parlor mantel or Like quaint old Nuremberg, riso, it has a pethe altar of a church; such great ambitious culiar interest to American eyes, from the fact still, with ardent eyes. Merivale sighed. arches, such lofty marble stairs, invitingly open that it has always been a Bur ther town; these years of my life would I give for Vandyck's Rome, Carthage, Italy! Should we not revto you on the street, but seeming, as you glance up, to be as interminable as those of poor Piranesi's dream, or as the stair along which fled Tom Moore's Alciphron when initiate into the not ashamed to own it. Even great Doria's mysteries of Isis and Osiris and Serapis—by name is but D'Oria, of gold, who laid the mysteries of Isis and Osiris and Serapis-by their massiveness and their gloom, sometimes recalling those black steps down which Beckford's Kalif pursued his way to the Halls of Eblis; the heavy lower windows, closed and barred; the columns and pillars, tall and mas-men from the middle class, sword in one hand sive; the glimpses of roomy vestibules, and far. and account-book in the other, ready for battle piercing corridors, and lofty halls, now decked in gold, now circled with mirrors now fraccord this school came the discoverer of America, in gold, now circled with mirrors, now frescoed from wainscot to wainscot, over wall and ceil And he who looks at Genoa with a philosophic and wall, back to the marble floors; the terracegardens between, with groves of olive, lemon, and | and such a city. It was not the wish to have a

upon you precions odors of citron and grape bloom, the breath of Italy, these; the peculiar wealth of color everywhere, seen in the ripe and stained and mottled marbles, in the green frescoes that everywhere meet your eye, inside cony and window, everywhere; the churches e and there, as numerous as rich, and as rich as art can make them; the paint, the gildorm, of design, of apparel-all these crowd upon a mute old Neptune, lofty, white, and cold, smid

'Tis Saturn in the Hyperion of John Keats," cried Helen, when she saw the statue; "the picture is almost exact:

Deep in the shady sadness o'n vale.

Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the hery noon god eve's one star,
Sat gray-haird Saturn, Set as a stone.

Still as the silence royal about his latt."

"There is some reemblance, Helen," said

Rupert, "only, this is not exactly like a path-less forest, silent and shady; and Doria stands

up, erect, and carless, and contented."

"There is another feature of resemblance to Keats's progre which you have left out," said Merivale, ooking at Helen, as she watched the Genoa, and its sights, and sounds, and smells, statue, ad unconsciously touched it with her as to be able to find in these lanes, despite all their contrasts, their life, their deadness, their

what is that?" asked she, quickly. xerivale, with a smile, looked at her, and

"There! there!" cried Helen. "If we 'wake him from his place,' I am sure the old hero grateful sights they force upon the eye; the would inflict an awful punishment upon you for half naked children; the dirty women and filthy flattery, and have me before the Inquisition for men—"Why don't they wash!" says Rupert making beathen comparisons - a proper reward | the greasy priests, rolling their sensual pig-eyes to both of us for capping verses. Come-let us towards her; the stalls where men suck down escape. I almost fancy I see his eye twinkle | yards of maccaroni, and children gorge them-

sea and the Ponente, now used for barracks; trude their deformities, their lumps and humps this is one of the first objects that meets the and broken limbs, and sightless sockets, and

The Doria's long pale palace striking out, From green hills in advance of the white town, a marble finger dominant to ships, Seen glimmering through the uncertain gray of dawn. Other Palaces, such as the Serra, with its famous saloon, all mirrors and marble and gildingwhich cost, they say, a million of francs, and description of a stink) "is like the smell of seems far more appropriate to a New York Hotel or a Palais Royal restaurant than to the residence of a family; although the custode makes money by showing it, and possibly its by Merivale at Como, that in Italy the picturnobile owner shares the profit with him; the Balbi, the University Palace, the Palazzi Palhas not yet quite reconciled herself to the fact, Balbi, the University Palace, the Palazzi Palas not yet quite reconciled above to the date of the man's feelings so kindred to his own, that he and so she declines going down into a side and so she and others-all works of art, noble, wealthy, and sumptuous—may be mentioned, but not go, and duly admiring the singular effect of the described. All are built upon one general plan; the architecture is almost too florid to

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOR EAS NAMED TO SERVICE

foundation of their greatness in goldsmith street-stradi di orefici-and perpetuated the fact by their name. Out of this little harbor sailed the galleys of eye can see the relation between such a his

orange-trees, all green and gold—such green and gold, tool-and rich clouder and poliched shade, which made Genoa whit it is, all houses and gold, too!-and rich cleander, and polished no and streets. Nor was it, as Heine supposes, spreading, luxurious vine: all these reared far and high above you and the street, smiling upon you with a smile of Itay, and showering down poor, and without money, and and no need of room, because they could not afford to avail we are able to recognise all this superimposed magnificence as peculiarly and honorably their own, because achieved by the foods under the guidance of their own industry. The outside, on wall and door and façade and bal. streets show what Genoa originally was meagre, poor, and mean, and what it naight have con tinued; the palaces, the churches, the ten thou sand crowded tokens of wealth that meet the ing, the stucco, the endless variety of hue, of eye, show how great they were in being able so completely to rise above this primary posi-

the bewildered gazer till he is staggered with the intoxication of a dream, and might fancy himself, like Aladdis, suddenly transferred from the dull tailor-shop to the mysterious garden underground so all ablaze with magic wealth of gold and light and lig gold and light and music and sparkling jewel. original ring was of iron, rough and rude; the led fruit! Historic names these palaces bear, too—the grand Durazzo, finest and most superb plating, added all the filagres and fret-work, of all, with its noble gallery of pictures; the and inset all the wealth and blaze of jewels which now principally attract us. And surely it is only the more honorable to and remarka-

the lustrous green foliage, and by the voccless | ble in the great, steel-thewed Milo, when he ap pears before our wondering eyes with a mighty bull upon his shoulders, if it can be said of bull upon his shoulders, if it feeble six-weeks' calf.

why, once he was only able to support a But, though the sun seems very far off over Strada Balbi, when he gets fairly overhead his rays strike down intolerably, and long before noon our friends are anxious for shelter. Shall we turn aside, down into one II these narrow shop streets, that look so cool, to still, so echo This up-hill one, that down-hill one, or

infinite variety of shape and size and hue, their comb, the studies of life and character they pre sent, the various features of the various trades despite all the endless phantasmagoria which wait upon them-she is not able to find hersel compensated for their squalor; the unwhole some stenches that steam out of them; the un-

selves with polenta; the beggars, squalid and There is another Doria palace towards the verminous, with an exceeding eagerness to obeye in coming from Marseilles—as Mrs. Browning writes: red, raw wounds, and oozing sores, and festering writes: in heaps and piles; the black lower walls; the dampness, and mouldiness, and rottenness of everything, and the smell of all, which "peculiar fragrance" (to quote the words of Mr. Charles Dickens, who is unapproachable in the

healthiness of tone, that the young lady felt her

Mazzini, equally with its mersories of Borgia represented prettier faces, perhaps. The Fona-and its whispers of the Cenci-for all these I rina, as we trace her in Raphael, his Saint lovely seemed the city in this light, a pile of tions, its history, the stirring thill of memories have been so lovely as the portrait of this Mar- each with its still white sail set, "a painted ship called up, as for its very self. Besides being chioness Brignole Sale.

"She is at the window," said Helen, entran-Gothic art and romance, and it does not belie just warming up to smile upon him. And I ter about this sea; religion, heroism, science, wish I had a sister like her.

> power when he painted that portrait.' "And how much for Vandyck's subject, Sir Conrier? Merivale looked from her face to the portrait, and warm, and all alive with pure enthusiasm. out sadly o'er its sleeping form, and whisper "Nothing," answered the artist, significantly. with tenderest solicitude Michael Angelo's voice

'I need not go back three hundred years to for his "Night:" and a subject worthy of my pencil, had I thrice the skill of Vandyck." "Three hundred years!" cried Rupert, "and

the colors are as fresh as if they had been laid on yesterday. Oh, could I be an artist like "It would be worth dying for," cried Meri-

vale, enthusiastically.
"Worth living for, you mean," said Helen, reprovingly. "No endowment is worth purhasing at the cost of life-for life itself is the highest gift man can possess. What a strange thrill it gives me to look at these old portraits, in their silence, their stateliness, their calm and quiet beauty! I love to gaze upon a picture of the process of the pr features of him whom I know by fame, or with whom I converse in books; but a gallery of grave! oh, it chills me, like so many funeral

his beautiful villa on the banks of Como? He spent an immense fortune in gathering together the portraits of celebrities of all ages, limates, and nations, and then sat himself not always eulogistically, either."

Their presence would have oppressed me, and I would not have dared to write about them. I would have expected every moment o see them leap down from their frames, frownng and menacing." and menacing."

Yet to me there is a certain fascination in

portraits," said Rupert. "I look and wonder, now believing in Lavater, and now doubting How true that picture of Ru bens over there is to the life of the brave old Sir Peter Paul, as history has handed it down us. How false the sweet, modest, sly face f yonder Countess to her bold and shameless And, beyond that, how strange it is that these cunning colors should come down to us in all their freshness and beauty, when the originals, once ten-fold as lovely, and seemingly n-fold as enduring, have, centuries ago, been

ningled with the dust!" Ars longa, vita brevis," said Merivale. "Oh, the contrast of these stately palaces and these life-like portraits with the people that ordered and the hands that devised them!" quoth Helen; "life passes away like a summer breeze; the rose goes like the blush from yonder cheek, and the breath from those sweet ps; yet their works and their memories come own to us forever, perpetual monuments of the

enduring, as they are perpetual admonitions of change, decay, and transitoriness!" Sic transit," quoth Merivale; "and there ore you argue with the worthy Herr Professor, suppose, Miss Helen, 'dat de ting madt is nore wordty ash de maker dereof—de vheel cannot so much as ten miles run den; und makes von cask to holdt saxty gallons of Is not that the legitimate corollary of your ar-

"Yes," replied Helen, laughing, "and a proper rebuke to all of us for growing so seriously solemn and sepulchral. What right

in Roberto il Diavolo-

Folle e quei che l'oro aduna E nol sa come goder, Non provo gramma i fortuna, Che sta lunga dal piacer,"

with such a merry, dancing, chirruping pirourunning, and, hearing her, could not restrain

gallery. Why?

"Take, oh boatman, thrice thy fee,

HH NAMONA

upon a painted" ocean. And this was the Mediterranean, the sea of seas, where nature art, literature, all date from here; and the soul she flings herself upon her knees in the aisle ish I had a sister like her."

"And I—a wife," murmured Rupert, gazing murmurs to itself, bewildered, yet feeling their bows her head, says a prayer, and signs the import, the names Greece, Palestine, Egypt, cross, ever watched by him. Now she steals erence this sea? Two epithets we apply to it, "beautiful," and "celebrated," and then we gaze upon it, voiceless, awed, yet with a passion think their hearts supplied to the music. of devotion. And when we pause to think nen back again to her face. It was bright over the destinies that hedge it around, we gaze

"Mestre e e il danno e la vergogna duria, Non veder, n'n sentir, m'e gran ven'ura; Pero non mi destar, den paria ba so!"

Aye, sleep on, placid sea; while shame and njustice last, the soft unconsciousness of slumer is truly the greatest boon. "Therefore wout within the church, quite forgetting the disturb me not, speak low, speak low!" The late sun blazes at the water's edge, they may be seen buying and eating sweet hovering there, and sending its gold and crim- meats, especially masses of nougat-of whic son armies o'er the waves; hovers a moment, the Italians are as fond as American schoolquivers o'er the brink-and sinks. Now the high girls are of "Everton taffy"- and playing vacoast in all its graceful curves is blest with rosy rious games, mora, and a kind of skittles, or The crimson flush pervades all; the murmur an Ave or a Pater Noster, cross them cliffs, the bays, the rocks, the towers, the gilded selves with holy water, march out again, and a roofs, the towers and campaniles, the groves, minute afterwards may be found deeply enthe hills, the windows, the straggling sails, are gaged in Mora, shouting, yelling, swearing, ges all suffused with it, and drink it in greedily, or ticulating and motioning with all that shr grave! oh, it chills me, like so many funeral urns, placed side by side, and each inscribed with some death's head or memento more!"

"Yet no varity have an each families clause to closer or been more extravagant in," reto closer or been more extravagant in," recalm, the palaces gleam dimly white and faint, of depravity, in the least. the west is dying like a dolphin in whose side quivers Hesper's diamond-hilted lance, sending day is a festa, or saint's fête and holiday, a single thread of silver towards you over the Genoa, although they occur quite frequently sea, while from the land, faint and then more and during the entire autumn the shops are loud, is wafted the voice of the evening prayer, closed and the people dressed up at least twice the sweet Ave Maria, borne on the notes of the or thrice a week, for the purpose of celebrating

It is truly the vesper hour, the hour of tenderness and love, and our friends feel its soft, of the human race. Still, there are days no tender, yet saddening influences, as they slowly marked with a white stone in the almanac, days and in silence scull shoreward. How mellow without a saint, but days nevertheless catathe twilight, and how gently suggestive, in its faded, dying hues, of the glory and the splendor just expired! Night drops dark upon the waters, clouds gather about the hills, shadows lengthen and deepen, ghost-like flitting come out, and their quest was quite as successful as the mists and vapors of the night, softly confusing and rendering mystic in their indistinctness the shapes of sea and shore, and the wavering whiteness of Genoa as she rises from three theatres; four, indeed, only the fourth the beach and creeps towards the mountains. one is ancient, and is never opened, unless A type of Italy is her sunset and declining upon rare occasions, such, perhaps, as the unuday—symbolic of her mid-day splendors and of sual throng into the city the other day, when poem—each Italian sunset? And has it not been set in colors and in verse often enough— of the finest opera-houses in Europe; the Tea-Claude, Poussin, Titian, Byron, Rogers- tro Diurno or day theatre, devoted to comedie profane hands, indeed, these of mine! But bourgeoise and afternoon performances; and, Italy somehow has a wondrous stimulating inprofane hands, indeed, these of mine! fluence upon the art-impulse, and, as soon as lanese puppet-show is often exhibited. Mr. we come upon her soil, we begin to draw pic-

makes von cask to holdt saxty gallons of over stream or rock—to the church of Santa ifold appointments; and the puppet-stage had as a place where he could hear mass conveni-ently. Another time they visit the Annunciamagic sight to see-a festa night in Genoa the himself to a single part, must of necessity Superb. Strada Nuova lays fair and lovely in attain to a rare perfection in it. How inimitathe moonlight, its long line of palaces stretching before the eye, half in light, half in shade, "like the long, vapory opening of a cloud in the summer sky." Now we come to one of draws his bodkin rapier, runs himself through, those " breathing places," the Piazza dell' An- rolls his eyes, and dies-dying, to say the least nunciata, and, behold, here is the church before us. We enter. What a blaze of light— moor, when he gasps out in the most agonihis face from smiling, nor his hands from ap-plause. This time, Merivale did not drive him what a dazzling scene of splendor! The exu-zingly exquisite of tenor voices, rom the room—nay, I am persuaded he found | berant wealth, the tumultuous array of marble come upon our senses like the overture of a

"Coolum fit serenius,
Et mare tranquii ins,
Spirat aura lenius.
Vallis noetra florait,
Revireacunt arida,
Reoniescunt frigida,
Post quas ver intepuit,
Are Maria Stella,
Det Alma Master
Augue semper Virgo,
Fetix coch porta
Ace Maria Vergo
Redemptor s Alma Male

Strange and solemn worship, that wakes the prayer to lips so long unheeding, and rouses into throbbing life again the very immortal part of us, erewhile so stagnant! And yet, b yonder column, hear the murmur. He cloaked, even to his ears, and her mezzaro is so wrapped about her as to hide her face entirely. Of what do they converse, standing there so close to each other by the tall red column and with heads bent down close together, so that their murmurs may not be heard, and their warm breath may mingle? What topic suggests that mutual seeking of the other's hand, that warm clasp? See, now, she moves away-

However, I am able to state that not every

the birthday or the death-they do not care

much which, but seem to rejoice equally over

"Se divisi fummo in terra,

Ne congiunga ne congiunga il Nume in ciel!
Ne congiunga, ah! oh! Num'in ciel!
Io ti-i-sc-guo!—oh—oh!"

Above the sanny Cycledes-Yet for our own loved father land off noiseless through the throng; and he, wrap Our swelling hymns of joy shall rise, Though bards muy sweep, with fiery hand, The harp that sings of other skies

think their hearts supplied to the music Though here is seen no ruined tower, Thought they of worship, or thought they, "halfforeboding, half-remembering," of "Kisses w' ich we steal in darkness, And n darkness give "gain; Oh, such kisses—how they rapture A poor oul in living rain!"

Outside there, too, if we go early in the ever And iake and forest, plain and hill ing, before darkness has set in, we shall find Have each their shadowy, mystic tale The records of the fading race Who trod these plains in days of yore Who withered from the white man's face, And passed away forevermore. pious occasion. Even at the very church door The records of the daring band,

> From nature wild and savage grim. The records of that human tide Which, swelling, deepening, onward pours,

Free Labor's conquering triumph-car Beams forth the flashing Sunset Star The shining plow speeds on its course,

New empires spring, wherever stands The Saxon's foot, with thunder shod, Bloom like the Eden of our God

For the National E a.

"And so," concluded my friend, sorrowfully, my life has been a failure." I had not time of our factorum was exhausted, and our heroine to reply to his remark, for he quickly turned was actually caught, and shut up in a henfrom me and walked away. But long after he | coop! had passed from sight, I seemed to hear the transaction. Express her just indignation by her eve's decay; but why do I lay profane re-touching hands upon this poem? Is it not a for Lombardy, victory, Magenta, and Solferino. the murmur of the evening wind, "Life has ful though # was, she could not; and I blush

been a failure." Fortune, indeed, had never smiled on my friend-a successful man, in the ordinary acceptation of that word, he lal not been. Bereft fell, and vegetables grew—grew beyond her of both parents at an early age, he was left a power to larm—and, at length, liverty was poor and friendless boy; and now, when he had Nor did our unwearied travellers permit the night to pass by without providing its peculiar enjoyments. They were young, strong, eager and curious, and there was no spectacle worth seeing that they permitted to escape them. Say it has been a festa; evening droops, and, with the shadows of night, they go to witness with the shadows of night, they go to witness with the selected appears of the latter, as unworthy the consideration of a disciple of "high art," but Miss Helen Beale found these exhibitions irresistibly droll, and, being as fond of witnessing them as George was, succeeded in getting Merivale and Rupert to take her thither quite often. And really, as seeing that they permitted to escape them. Say it has been a festa; evening droops, and, with the shadows of night, they go to witness with the shadows of night, they go to witness.

They were young, strong, eager being as fond of witnessing them as George was, succeeded in getting Merivale and Rupert to take her thither quite often. And really, as and domestic fowls, than to be dependent on his daily toil for the maintenance of his family. He had failed to amass wealth; his wife was an invalid, and death had borne away his first born to take her thither quite often. And really, seeing as fond of witnessing them as George was, succeeded in getting Merivale and Rupert to take her thither quite often. And really, so the latter, as unworthy the consideration of a disciple of "high art," but Miss Helen Beale found these exhibitions irresistibly droll, and, his daily toil for the maintenance of his family. He had failed to amass wealth; his wife was an invalid, and death had borne away his first born to take her thier quite often. And really, so the family to the first important step in the market was called her family together one morning, and gave them to understand that hereafter they must look out for the maintenance of his family. He had failed to amass wealth; his wife was an invalid, and death had borne away his first born to take her the fact was estab the latter, as unworthy the consideration of a the celebration at some church or chapel. Now the worthy of all praise. Nothing could be they wend their way across the bridge of Carrigmano—a bridge over streets and houses, not of the great world of the stage, in all its man of the great world of the stage, in all its man history, and had wound up his narrative by the over stream or rock—to the church of Santa ifold appointments; and the puppet-stage had Maria di Carignano, built by the Marquis Sauli, this advantage over the human stage, that, being moved mechanically, the actors of the respond; for, under all the discipline a Father's one more addition to our store of eggs. Then Fantoccini never made a false gesture, and, hand had sent, he had held fast his integrity, she wanders to the favorite clover field, but not ta, the glory of the Lomellini family, to whose their parts being read aloud behind the scenes, had been not only a moral man, but an humble to seek the companionship of her feathered seriously solemn and sepulchral. What right have young and healthy people like us ever to entertain a sad-hued fancy? Our days are crowned with roses, so ought our thoughts to be. Boque la galere!"

wealth it owes its existence, and the pride of Genoa. The moolight is dancing on the waves without, the bells clang an exultant jubilee, and devotee and gallant, stranger and bellet, and devotee and gallant, stranger and bellet, and putting her arm within Rupert's, she half said, half sung, that little air of Meyerbeer in Roberto il Diagrato.

wealth it owes its existence, and the pride of Genoa. The moolight is dancing on the fective memory. These little actors, standing about three feet high in their boots, are able to discharge the entire round of dramatic functions, and their repertoir embraces an infinite variety of rôles. They play tragedy, comedy, farce, and the ballet, and, each actor confining himself to a single part, must of processite.

And who, in these days, when woman's mismagic sight to see—a festa night in Genoa the little actors, standing about three feet high in their boots, are able to discharge the entire round of dramatic functions, and their repertoir embraces an infinite variety of rôles. They play tragedy, comedy, farce, and the ballet, and, each actor confining himself to a single part, must of processite.

And who, in these days, when woman's mismagic sight to see—a festa night in Genoa the little actors, standing about three feet high in their boots, are able to discharge the entire round of dramatic functions that they are continued to seek the companionship of her feathered kindred. Apart from them, she hunts for grass-hounted the solitations part functions and generally a cheerful Christian. His words had generally may enter with perfect certainty of success?" bly tragic is their tragedy! I do not see how any one can have the heart to laugh when the heart with all diligence." The heart is often prompt and forgiving, so cheerful and diligent—Tancredi, rejected by the hard hearted Serafina, likened to a garden where weeds and flowers uncessing effort it costs to pluck up the poisonous weeds that are so firmly rooted there! What daily care in separating the rank growth of indigenous sin from the delicate exotics of WORK.—Benjamin Brown, a colored Methods heavenly origin! Say not that life has been a street by the Conference to labor ist preacher, sent by the Conference to labor failure to the man who has this well-kept gar among the colored people of Milford and Slaugh- well-directed system of training. For each As for the ballet, it is a fair "triumph of art." den, even though he sing, in very truth, "No ter Neck, was arrested on Friday last, at the in- tribe or community thus settled, let there be grand opera put forward with more than ordinary orchestral pomp. Venetian is the florid nary orchestral pomp. Venetian is the florid and any orchestral pomp. Venetian is the florid any o

"and a position of some of the chizona of Slangher Fernance with a surplication of the fernance of Slangher Fernance of Slangher Street, which is uniquely arranged with a later bout upon the fernance of the service of the fernance of the service of the service of the fernance of the fernance of the fernance of the service of the fernance of the service of the fernance of the service of the fernance of the fernan

and meandering with its white road away off to the church. Such an auditory of the church. Such an auditory of the church of the

For the National Era. THE WEST. BY H. B. NORTON.

Our own broad plain-isnd, stretching wide From where Ohio's waters flow, To far Columbia's swelling tide, And s'eep Nevada's horns of snow;

From shores which tropic billows late. To where Superior's rise and fall, And rushing storm, and rolling wave Boom a deep m nody o'er all-

Though brighter flowers in light may gleam On Orinoco's forest shore, And Eden valleys softly dream Whare Cyndus' sparkling waters pour Though scenes of love, and light, and song In sunny Italy may shine,

And dim, mysterious legends throng Around the castle-haunted Rhine Though many a fairy island lies Where flows the sweet Parific breeze, And brightly glow the Greeinn skies

No abbey-pile its grandeur rours, Instinct with lore of feudal power. And legends of departed years, Yet there is food for romance still; It hovers o'er each verdant va'e;

mon father-land!

your laurels!

she was to punish them in others, as certain

depredations in our garden can testify. Onions

and beets, tomatoes and parsnips, that had

fairly got started in the world, and gave prom

closure of her temporary prison.

The stern of heart and strong of limb, Who wrenched the lovely Eden-land

Through mountain gorge and prairie wide, Toward far Pacific's startled shores,

And, with a foot that ne'er can tire, Right westward rolls the Iron Ho se,

New thoughts speed on their conquering way ; New light moves forth with tread sublime;

The dawning of a better day And while, beneath that brightening mora, The darkness passes from our shore, May Plenty ope her golden horn.

Still be thy meteor flag unfarled, And still thy watchword Onward be-Young giant of this later world-The broad, bright land of Liberty ! Illinois, Feb, 27, 1860.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE IN LIFE.

se of an early and an abundant harvest, fell under her remorseless talons, till the patience coop! Ignoble captivity it was, and keenly she felt the shame and disgrace of the whole to say that she actually attempted a crow, as with angry strides she paced the narrow en-

sion and woman's capacity and woman's rights

upon you'every day. There seems to be always something to find out in it. There are the most extraordinary lanes and alleys to walk in. ** * It abounds in the strangest contrasts; things that are picturesque, ugly, mean, magnificent, delightful, upon you'every day. There seems to be always something to find out in it. There are the most extraordinary lanes and alleys and the strangest contrasts; things that are picturesque, ugly, mean, magnificent, delightful, and the protect of the most specific to a fill carefully schemes have been defeat how on it is, rivalling in picturesque effect the broad sea in front, frittered on the most brilliant successive hilarity one night, as they defeat has seemed to mark our whole palk and thouse and innucuous and

16 Dunger

is invariably required.

certificates of deposit.

should be addressed to

A son of Brown was also engaged in teaching in Milford, but, on receiving notification, liar thrill of pleasure, tinged it may be with he left the town, and probably the State. "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my breth-ren, ye have done it unto me."—Milford (Del.)

by Bishop Waugh, late of Baltimore, and elder's orders by Bishop Baker.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Ten cents a line for the first insertion, five cents a line for each subsequent one. Ten words constitute a line. Payment in advance

Money may be forwarded by mail at my risk. Notes on Eastern banks preferred. Large amounts may be remitted in drafts or

sertificates of deposit.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will give the name of the post office changed

from, as well as the post office they wish it

All communications to the Era, whether

M. L. BAILEY, Washington, D. C.

on business of the paper or for publication

No. VI.

INKLINGS FROM THE FRONTIER: guage. This pleasure was mine when I first Life and Observations among Oivilized

Indians.

FORT WASHITA, C. N., Feb. 13, 1860.

To the Editor of the National Era: Positively, my dear friend, when I began jot-

ting down this series of inklings, I intended to make only a few preliminary remarks, probably not more than a column or two in the Eraand then proceed at once with a personal narration of incidents in daily life, and observations among the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. But, like an inexperienced swimmer, who ventures out into he struts along on those ungainly stilts. Look self to run into a subject, connected with a at him! The very picture of an arrogant, train of thought, from which I find it hard to pompous, blustering, cock-o'-the-walk, as he is! Good sir, deign to inform us, inferior humans, this subject, ideas after ideas continued to preextricate myself. Having once entered upon why you take those airs upon yourself. What sent themselves, and line after line continued is the ground of your pretensions? You adto fall from my pen, till now I find myself enmit the peacock to be insufferably vain; but tering upon the manuscript of my sixth letter. when with immense satisfaction he spreads out I sincerely hope, however, that I have suchis glories to the admiring gaze of mortals, we ceeded in eliciting your kind attention, and do admire, while we deprecate the motive of awakening an interest in the cause I pleadthe gorgeous display. But pray, sir, what can the cause of our too-much-neglected red brethyou show us? Your colors are brick-red and

black, a dingy white, and invisible green. We you, if it does not. are compelled to whisper in your ear, with But I am not yet through with preliminary more candor than civility, it may be, that perremarks. If you have been patient thus far, sonal beauty is not your dower. And I have bear with me through a few more preliminary no great confidence in your bravery, albeit paragraphs; then, if my subject and my style your stride is martial, and your air commandof narrative are adequate, I will endeavor to ing. Have I not seen you put to flight by the make amends for those letters that may have veriest puppy ? As if to answer my inquiries, appeared dull to some Chanticleer approaches, stands on tip-toe, cocks

ren. The subject is one that ought to interest

The Indians who inhabit this Territory have au eye towards his defamer, and prepares to already become considerably advanced in civilcrow. With wings partially extended, and ization. But their rapid progress, I verily befeathers erect, he opens his immense bill, lieve, is owing more to the intelligence and the and-a ciarion blast indeed. Another, and noble efforts of energetic and influential men still another, and each one nearer, clearer, of their people, than to any wise and well-diyield my point, and concede that your pride is rected aid they have received from our Govshriller, than before. I cry you mercy! I justifiable, founded on the same claim as that ernment. Much can yet be done for them. It of the nobility of the earth-hereditary descent! Your ancestry stalked on the Celestial aid long neglected. Yet, from present indica-Empire. You and Confucius have one com- cations, from the direction political straws are wafted athwart the horizon of party tactics by Turn we now to the gentler sex; and first, the political breezes, I infer that instead of renlet me introduce to your notice and acquaint dering real and substantial good, of doing justice ance this fair young dame with the gray mantle and snow-white collar. Quaker-like in costume, petite though symmetrical in figure, we honorable position in the scale of civilization, recognise no near relationship between her a party of politicians are conniving at plans and the gentleman that we have just left. Fair to cheat them out of their territory, that the representative of the race of Bolton Grays! I area of slavery may be extended and the slave ing, at our kitchen door, when in maternal (which did not pass) was the first move in this pride and joy you brought your brood of nine direction. Time and Congressional proceedyoung chickens, as beautiful and as sprightly ings will show what the next will be. I merely as ever gladdened a mother's heart, and boldly mention this matter, hoping that the friends o demanded your morning meal. You were no free labor and Indian rights will be prepared eringing, half-scared petitioner, with bustling feathers and pervous cluck. Self-possessed and to meet the issue, in whatever shape it may next present itself.

Aside from those civilized tribes or nations and then with winning confidence came upon there are many comparatively wild and savage the door-step, to my very feet, and received the breakfast from my hand that you crumbled for tribes, demanding the attention and fraternal care of our National legislators. your helpless brood. I looked on admiringly,

Having presumed to condemn the system thinking the while that you were all gentleness erctofore pursued by Government and those and love; when, suddenly, three daring Chinese robbers protruded their bills on your very who have undertaken to ameliorate the condi tion of our akorigines, and asserted that their table. Quicker than a flash, that tender mother efforts have not been so fruitful as could be exwas transformed to a fighting soldier! Quicker than thought, those impudent marauders were rovted! Shade of Joan of Arc, tremble for words as possible, point out a system which I words as possible, point out a system which I But, like other characters that we have

think would prove far more efficacious. Even where Government has set beneficial movements and measures on foot, injudicious known, this young mother was not quite as careful to abstain from peccadilloes herself as and incompetent agents have pretended to carry them out in but a spiritless and faithless manner. All the best-laid schemes have been but acompletely executed. Hence, the many failures of Government, and the great discouragement of philanthropists.

Let Government, aided by benevolent socie

ies, at once set about the work of doing the poor Indian justice in real earnest, and but a lew decades will have elapsed, ere we will see new and vigorous communities springing up all along our frontier; and instead of savage foes, we will have intelligent, industrious, and peaceful neighbors, lending a helping hand to work out our great national destinies-that is f the fire-caters don't manage to slide out of he Union, and drag our South after them.

But while she stormed, the sun shone, dew The more wild and savage tribes should be dealt gently with at first. Give them herds of cattle, and learn them to preserve and propagate them. Teach them that it is better to be restored to the captive.

I am sure I cannot account for the instinct in possession of vast herds of cattle, of hogs, Civilization should not be forced upon them too rapidly, nor should they be placed under too much restraint. Children learn to crawl and presented to them, in lieu of the excite ment of war and the chase. Gradually wean ictions, before attempting to instill lessons o

Christianity and civilization.

In order to carry out a new plan of civilizaion, let Government exert itself to induce all, enter into treaty stipulations, whereby the Indians, on one part, agree to settle in some ther part, agrees to then and there take them under paternal care, and teach them a new and a better life. The humanizing influences of the most simple arts should first be brought to bear upon the yet untamed and untutored are strangely and closely intertwined. O, what and all emergencies—has not fully established her claim to be the equal (save the mark!) of savage. As has already been intimated, rearrangely and closely intertwined. O, what her claim to be the equal (save the mark!) of of experience have demonstrated that it is bad policy to shock the natures of savages by attempting to force upon them the highest ac

eighteen centuries standing.